## NO LONGER ON THE MAPS.

NOW PATAGONIA WAS SWALLOWED. Priving an Entire Indian Tribe Into a Ditch

and Exterminating Them-The Great Scheme of an American Spreniator. PUNTA ARENAS, Straits of Magellan, July 1.—There used to be a place called Patagonia, and one can still find it referred to in old geographies, but by the combined efforts of Chill and the Argentine Republic it has been wiped off the modern maps of the world. The United States Ministers at the capitals of the two republics named assisted in dissecting the orr, and were presented with beautiful and costly testimonials as tokens of the artistic manner in which it was done. This fact is respectfully disclosed to the attention of the Hon. batten Robinson, whose opposition to the practice of permitting United States officials to receive "baubles from foreign potentates" has made him very unpopular in the diplomatic service. This work was done with the knowledge and consent of the Government at Washington, and undoubtedly prevented war between Chili and the Argontines as both nations had designs upon the Patagonian territory, and had for years been studying how to steal it decently. The diplomatic correspon-dence on the subject would fill volumes, and had grown rather beiligerent, when Minister Tom Osborn at Chill proposed that he and Minister Tom Osborne at Buenos Ayres take the matter in hand. The telegraph line between the two capitals was not with messiges for several months, until finally it was agreed that the western boundary line of Chill should be sztendel down the coast and then run east-ward, just north of the Straits of Magel an, so that the Argentines should have the pampas, or prairies, and Chili the straits and the islands. The map of Chili now looks like the leg of a very tall dude, long and lean, with a yery high instep and several conspicuous

islands. The map of Chill now looks like the isg of a very tail dude, long and lean, with a very high instep and several conspicuous busions.

It was very smart in Chill to get control of the Straits of Miggelian, that great international highway, through which all steamers must go, and the archipelego along the western coast, comprising thousands of islands which have never been explored, but which are believed to be rich in what the world holds valuable, also fell to her share: but the Argentines got the best of the bargain in broad plains, rich in agricultural resources, rising in regular terraces from the Atlantic seaboard to the summits of the Cordilleras, whose snowy creets stand like an army of silent sentinely, marking the line upon which the two republics divide—plains as broad and useful as those which stretch between the Mississippi River and the ranges of Colorado, as good for cattle as they are for corn.

It was a rather unusual proceeding, this partition of the Patagonian estates. It is commonly the custom to divide property after the owner's death; but in this instance the inheritance was first shared by the heirs and then the owner's death; but in this instance the inheritance was first shared by the heirs and then the owner's death; but in this case as in many others the impediment to civilization was swept away in a cataract of blood.

Gen. Roca. the President of the Argentine Republic, was the author and the exocutor of the plan of civilizing Patagonia, and he did it as the early Spanish Conquistadors introduced Christianity into America, with the keen edge of a sword. His, success won him military fory and political honors, and made him what he is to-day, the greatest of the Argentines.

There were originally two great nations of Indians in what was known as Patagonia, but he spaniards called them all Patagonian, but he spaniards called them all Patagonian, but he say the summer of the count of the world a great amount of Indeaver him when he was of the enormous footprints they found to see

Mexican border. The who a know solks has a guages entirely different, and house solks has a resumentance in their manners or habits of in resumbance in their manners or habits of in resumbance in the interest of the south, who extended over into the curious islands of Terra, del Fuego, are unifer in appearance, flercar in disposition, and are believed to be cannibals. In fact, there is a recent instance of man eating in the Straits of Magelian which appears to be authentically reported. The cance Indians are called Chenna. The latter appear to be closely allied to the Araucanians of Chill, a race which the Spaniards were never able to subdue, but with which they have intermarted extensively, and produced the present poon or "Roto" of Chill, as there can be not only and impulsiveness of the Spaniards of the physical qualities of the Chenna Indians there can be no doubt, although the early explorers saw things with magnifying classes, and were somewhat given to exaggeration. The only man who can speak fairly of them is Lieut. Musters of the English navy, who spent two years among these savages, and was adopted into their tribe. He explored the entire length and breadth of Patagonia, and has told the Argentines and Chilanos about all they know of their savage neighbors. Their stature is generally above six feet, Musters savs, and many filten are seven feet in beliefit, are exceedient in the control of the manner of the control of the contro

or three regiments to discipline the Indians, and he did it in a way that was as effective as it was novel. While the Indians were in the mountains with their cattle he set his soldiers at work several thousand of them, and dug a great ditch, twoive feet wide and fifteen feet deep, from the mountains to the Rio Negro, seattering the earth from the excavation over the ground with such care as to leave nothing to expite the savages suspicions. Then, when the ditch was completed, he flanked the Indians with his cavalry and drove them southward on the run. Being ignorant of the trap set for them, the savages galloped carelessly along until thousands of them were piled into the ditch, one on top of the other, a maimed, struggling, seraming mass of horses, men, women, and children. Many were killed by the fall, others were crushed by those who fell upon them, while those who crawled out were destanched by the sabres of the cavalrymen.

Those who were not driven into the ditch fled to the eastward hunting for a crossing, which the soldiers allowed them no time to make, even if they had had the tools. Shoveis and picks and spades are unknown among the Patagonians, and as they are the wards of no nation, muskets and ammunition had never been furnished them to do their flighting with. It was very much such a chase as Chief Joseph of the Nez Percess gave Gen. Howard in the Northwest a few years ago, and finally ended in Gen. Roces driving the Indians line a corner, with the impassable Rio Negro behind them, where the slaughter was continued until most of the warriors fell. The remainder were made prisoners, and distributed a gound among the several regiments of the Argentine army, in which they have broven excellent soldiers. The women and children were sent to the Argentine cities, where they have since been held in a state of semi-sinvery by families of officials and men of influence. The dead were never counted, but were buried in the ditch which encompassed their destruction.

Northern Patagonia was thus cleared of sa

money, and are hard to get, as they are already occupied by people who secured titles to the lands years ago by "concessions" from Congress or other means.

Not long ago the United States Consul at Buenos Ayros received a letter from a New York capitalist, in which the latter proposed that they should pool their issues and secure a "concession" from the Argentine Government to gather up the wild cattle on the pampas. The capitalist, who had been overhauling his geography, discovered that "immense herds of wild horses and cattle are roaming ownerless upon the pampus of, the Argentine Confederation and Patagonia," and thought it would be a good scheme to take a lot of Tozas cowboys down and corral them, if the permission of the Government could be obtained. He proposed that the Consul should receive such permission, while he would furnish the cowboys and the necessary capital, and the two would become partners in the Patagonia cattle trade on an extensive scale.

The astonished Consul did not answer the letter. It was a tempting scheme, but there were several obstacles in the way of its success, the first being the fact that thore are no wild cattle on the pampas, and never have been. The Indians had large herds which were absorbed by prominent officials when Gen. Roca confuded his scheme of extermination, but it would be quite as reasonable to make such a proposition to the Governor of Colorado. There are about 16,000,000 cows, 5,000,000 horses, and 100,000,000 sheep grazing on the pampas of the Argentine Republic and Patagonia, but they are all properly branded and valued at something like four hundred million, and about ten million sheep are turned into mutton each year. The Argentines think that their country is to be the greatest in cattle and wool production of all the world, and the figures foom up very much like it, as the increase within the last twenty years has been about 400 per cent. At present the Argentine Republic has more sheep than any other nation, but the value of the wool product is less by o

THE SIMPLE GRAVE OF A GREAT MAN. William Penn's Penceful Burial Place in

Hence fables found their way into history in the sixteenth century, which are still repeated, but have no more foundation than the tales of the warrior women who gave a name to the grantest stream on earth.

This man Pixefetta, for example, says that the Patagonia Indians, "were of that biggeness that our menne of meane stature could reach up but to their waysts, and they had bigg voyces so that their talk seemed lyke unto the roar of a beaste." In order to secure credit for courage the early navigators toid astonishing yarns about the flereness of these Indians, and they still have a reputation for fighting which is no doubt well founded. Bum and disease have, however, made said work among the race, which is in its decadence, and the ambition of the Patagonian now is only equal to that of the North American In the way of food, stealing and begging, and occasionally bringing in skins to the settlements to exchange for fire water.

Later explorers discovered that there were two distinct races among the abortiques fire water.

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The place itself ghemshire. Uplands is the burial ground of the Society of Friends at Jordans, at the Buckinghamshire Uplands is the burial ground of the Society of Friends at Jordans.

In the middle of what are sometimes called the Buckinghamshire. Uplands is the burial ground of the Society of Friends at Jordans.

In the midd they are locally called—which are so numerous in the country from the Thames to the Coine, four roads converge; from the two Chalfonts (St. Peters and St. Glies), from Beaconsfield, and from Penn, the original starting place of the Penn family, a village not far from the Wycombe Valley.

In the corner between the lanes from the Chalfonts a passer by to-day will see an oblone

and from Penn, the original starting place of the Penn family, a village not far from the Wycombe Vailey.

In the corner between the lanes from the Chalfonts a passer by to-day will see an oblong piece of ground looking, as he casually giances at it, like a little orchard in which the fruit trees have died from age or from the effects of the lines of overshadowing elms which border the enclosure. He will hardly take note of the bare and white little building by the side, and the small cottage attached to it, and the eye will not readily catch the few low, plain gravestones which appear among the grass. Still, it is here that William Penn was buried—a very fitting spot for one of the first and most remarkable of the society who made peace their watchword. For nothing could be more peaceful than the place. A farmer's cart passes by or a gentleman's carriage is now and ugain seen in the course of the day; but the cooing of the wood-digeons in the thick woods which stretch toward Wilton Park or the shouts of a farm lad from the yard at Stone Bean are the only sounds which are often heard.

There is over the grave of William Penn a small upright stone with the name and date of his death, life first and second wives, Guileima and Hannah, lie by his side; and not far off is the grave of Isaac Pennington, whose fame has been overshadowed by the international celebrity of his son-in-iaw, but who stands out as remarkably as any of the first adhorents of George Fox. It seems somewhat doubtful if these are the original gravestones; the figures appear to be of too modern a character and the incisions too clear to have withstood the effects of more than a century and a half of rain and decay. Thint, lowever, is a small matter; no one will go to Jordans to look for a man as remarkable as any in the history of England and of Auerica, and for the purpose of recalling more vividity than is otherwise possible the first days of the Quaker movement in a time when it attracted the notice of the whole Faglish people. While on most da

A Plain-Spoken Democrat. From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

From the Cincinnal Enquirer.

St. CLAIRSVILLE, O., Aug. 25.—Henry Gray of Glence, a watchman on the Hallmore and Ohie Railroad, was brought before Squee bavies this afternoon, charged with Gaing page 1 barguage. Henry made a street of the s

Prohibition Illustrated. From the Burlington Gazette.

There are 248 places in the city of Des Moines where inquer is and, so that the Republicans who assemble there in State Convention on next Wednesday will have right before their faces the evidence that prohibition prohibities in lows, and will be successed to declare that the law must be accorded.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CADET. LIFE AT THE WEST POINT ACADEMY.

Colored Youths who are Well Treated and Others who are Not-Cadet Whittaker's Failings-How Gos. Buell was Received. A little more than a month ago I read a despatch from Washington giving the assignments to duty of the class recently graduated from West Point. The despatch suggested a picture of the fieldling officers arrayed in their hardly won uniforms, tall, straight, and sol-dierly, with their faces lighted by a consciousness of having won where many failed. The picture changed, the one taking its place representing a scene at the cadet barracks, where I saw these same young men entering upon their first lesson in military life and discipline. No other school on this continent could supply two such strongly contrasted pictures. A representation of one class upon entering the Academy and one of the same class upon gradunting will answer in every detail, save, perhaps, in point of numbers, for that of every group of boys entering and graduating as time goes on.
When one enters the Academy as a "pleb."

ters not how keen may be his sense of incongruity, the varied garbs and manners of his fellow freshmen make but little impression upon his mind, so alive is it to the duties of his new and far from pleasant life, but after having struggled a year and arrived at the high estate of being called by his last name to the exclusion of the prefix mister, he has both the time and the inclination to observe the new arrivals who don the pleb coat just dropped by him. The writer's own observation covers one of that motley crowd that tolled up the steep incline from the steamboat wharf to the

some years from the time when he himself was one of that motley crowd that tolied up the steep inciline from the steambout wharf to the plate above. The actions and habitiments of these would-be soldiers are as the manners and customs of the people of the various States and Territories from which they come. One with the slightest possible knowledge of humanity can pick from out the crowd of youngsters the representatives of the different sections of the Union. The Southerners are almost invariably caroless of dress, the only exceptions being in the cases of these coming from that strip of the Atlantic coast comprising the States from Georgia to Maryland, sithough the same laxity in attire that characterizes their brothers of the Gulf and interior Southern States is shown by the boys of the extreme wastern part of this coast district. The dress of the Northerner, while not perhaps richer in material, is invariably better out and worn to botter advantage.

In oleking out a Westerner who lives east of the Mississippi one might be puzzled. Those living in or near the great cities have all the characteristics of their Eastern brethren, while those remote from trade centres have all the characteristics of the habits of dress and manner of the boys coming from south of the Mason and Dixon line. The Territories are generally represented by the sons of army officers, and as a rule, being educated in the liast, they would probably be classed by students of physiognomy as coming from or near the Atlantic coast. I remember one case, however, in my own experience where a young fellow reported as a candidate for admission from what may be termed a border rufflam State. His hair was black and straight, and long enough to touch his shoulders. His bead was covered by a huge black sombrero, and a nuge knife of the Bowie pattern. The date of his arrival was June 18, and having one day's grace before reporting to the Academy's Adminat, he secured quarters at the West Point Hotel, where, hiring a herse, he included in neither for e

horseman at the first opportunity of some of his freshness, or, as it is called in cadet parlance, "rapidity."

Upon his return to the hotel this specimen of the Wespern, cowboy was relieved of his "sticker and barker." and to-day they may be seen by the curious in the office of Mr. Craney's West Point Hotel. Two years of cadet life, with its stern discipline and its social advantages, completely transformed this young fellow, and when he started on his furiough a more civilized and polished gentleman could not be found in the corps of cadets. He graduated with honor, and to-day is an efficient officer in a station near his own home in the West. During one portion of the time that the writer spent as a cadet the Academy fell under a ban, and the corps, as a body, was called snobbish. The school was termed "The hotbed of ariatocracy," and other names equally unjust were applied by critics who could see no good in a people or a place that knew not how to ireat a negro as a white man. The cadets at West Point work day and night during a period of four years, under a system of discipline unequalled elsewhere in the civilized world, under a system of studies the equalled elsewhere in the civilized world, under a system of espionage at once gailing and oppressive, and under a system of studies the conquering of which necessitates the attaining of a higher average of marks, under like conditions, than is required by any school, college, university, or academy in the world. This statement is made without any reservation whatever. I romember distinctly the feeling that remarks of the kind mantioned above engendered among the fellows at the Point at the time of the celebrated Whittaker case. Since severing my connection with taker case. Since severing my connection with west Point I have been more than a little surprised at the vast number of persons who are firmly impressed with the idea that the cadets out whittaker's ears and hair and otherwise. This belief is toneclously held in spite of the findings of the court of inquiry and subsequent court martial. It might be said for the benefit of persons not yet convinced, that while Mr. Whittaker's hair was elipped his ears were not cut and his head was not citabed.

I saw the colored cadet within two hours of the time that he was found tied to his bed, and save a scratch not as large as one frequently inflicts while shaving, he was absolutely unitared. He attended reclation in natural and the day with the battation. It has been, and still its openly charged that the cause of Whittaker's social isolation was his color. Nothing could be more untrue. Take for example the case of Cadet. Flipper, the colored boy who graduated in 1877, and who has since been court martialled for stealing from the Government. Flipper was a tail, manly-looking fellow, darker by many shades than Whittaker, and was a member of an academic class, many of the case of the court of an academic class, many of the court of th

and not knowing at what hour of the day or night there may not be an inspection of quarters for unauthorized absentes, the cadeis contrive to find ample opportunities for the indulgence of the spirit of mischief which they hold in common with boys of all other institutions. An incident of which the writer was an aye-witness, if not an active participant, was brought forciby to his might ecently by read-hold in the property of the participant, was brought forciby to his might ecently by read-hold in the participant, was brought forciby to his might ecently by read-hold in the participant, was brought forciby to his might ecently by read-hold in the participant of the participant was the participant, was brought forciby to his might ecently provided at the participant of the participant was a superior of a some-what checkered cadet career, he severed his academic connection and joined the army of newspaper men. His face, while being extremely youthful in appearance, had an expression of good-natured, devil-may-care recklessness that was not slow to be noticed by his sucorrior officers. Ho made himself a favorite day in the participant of the participant of

which is the cadet term for a freshman, it mat-

SHOOTING THE WHITE WHALE. Novel and Very Exciting Sport in the Bule

LA BAIE DES CHALEURS, Aug. 15 .- There are few evenings in August when a fire is not acceptable here, yet 350 years ago, when Jacques Cartler sailed into these waters, he gave them the name of the Bay of Heats. The Indian name is much to be preferred, and more to the purpose, being Ec Keluam Nemaache or the bay or sea of fish. Every other man about Chalcurs is a fisherman, and those who are not fishermen are in the fish-curing business, or in some way connected with the

great industry.

The other morning, before New Yorkers were awake, I found myself gliding down the bay to-ward the Gulf of St. Lawrence in as trim and fleet a fore-and-after as it was ever my good fortune to meet. Everything had evidently been planned beforehand, and, after a thirtymile run, the schooner rounded to off a rocky point, and, a boat appearing, we took her, and were soon landed in the cabin of a famous guide and fisherman of those parts, "What time shall we start, Sandy?" asked

guide and fisherman of those parts.

"What time shall we start, Sandy?" asked my friend.

In about an hour," replied the fisherman; "then the tide's in check."

"I've brought no tackie," I suggested.

"Ye don't want tackie for the white porpus," said Sandy, with a laugh. "There's the tackie for them," he continued, taking up an old-fashioned rile and blowing down the barrel.

By the time a broiled sea trout dinner had been disposed of the tide was full, and following the fisherman, we went down to the little cove before his house, where a heavy boat was jerking at its moorings as if anxious to be off. ing the fisherman, we went down to the little cove before his house, where a heavy boat was jerking at its moorings as if anxious to be off. The old man had given each of us a rifle.

"They ain't pretty guns, that's a fact," said Sandy, as he trimmed aft the sail and the boat bore away, "but they're shooters, and don't you forget it."

"There you go," whispered the old man, as a strong, loud puff came over the water and a faint cloud of spray drifted from the creat of a wave, "Steady!" and the old man let the sheet run and seized his rifle. The next moment a round blue-white hide popped up just off the beam. There was a crash as if a cannon had exploided, and the huge form of a beluga rose bodily four feet at least into the air, and foll back with a sounding crash.

"I winged him," shouted the old man. The animal was whiring about in an erratic manner, beating the water with terrific blows with its powerful tail.

"Look out for him! he's a-comin'—" and with a blind rush the round builet head struck the boat a sounding blow that lifted her prow above water.

"Gimme the sheet!" shouted the fisherman, who was pushing on the oar that answered for a rudder. The passenger got the rope, and amid

with a blind rush the round bullet head struck the boat a sounding blow that lifted her prow above water.

"Gimme the sheet!" shouted the fisherman, who was pushing on the oar that answered for a rudder. The passenger got the rope, and amid the spray from the dying whale the boat shot out of danger, and the old man rose and sent another bullet into the white target. "They're hard to kill if you don't fetch'em first shot," he said. "Now, you pull up and I'll give him the lance."

The whale was still making the water foam when the prow of the boat ran alongside. A quick blow—the water was discolored by the blood of the beautiful creature. A few more blows and it was dead. A barrel was inshed to it and the boat fell away for another.

"There's your chance," said the fisherman, as a puff came a hundred yards away. "Yes, that's too far, but you can tell now just where he'il come up a second time. Pint your rifle over there," continued the lisherman, pointing tos spot two hundred feet in advance of the place where the animal had appeared. The sportsman followed instructions, and a moment later, almost in front of the rifle rose the white head. I fired, and by one of those remarkable chances that come sometimes to green hands, the build struck the white was dead. The old porpoise shooter dropped the oar and insisted on shaking hands. "Wall, you've been at this business before. There ain't no use a denyin' of it; you never could have hit that critter of you hadn't." So greatness is thrust upon some people, and as I did not shoot again, I came away with a proud record as an old beluga shooter.

The others took two more whiles before the day ended, and for off-hand shooting it must be said that the exhibition was a fine one. It was interesting to note how accurately the lisherman gauged the ower of the animal to remain under water. He hill tevery time, and his own statement that he rarely missed could well be taken. The whales were finally taken in tow and hauled upon the nearest beach.

The white whale, better known as

Shrewd Mrs. Pennckir.

"I didn't always harrow the earth for a living," said Farmer Panuckle of Orange County. "I was once a wine merchant's clerk in Brooklyn. I married young, and my wife, who is sitting there now, with
the reputation of being as good a farmer's wife as
there is in the county, made just as good a mate for a
hard-up clerk then. Like many young couples we had
bought furniture on inscilinents, and we were not alide
to hay all the sums as they fell due. Everything end alide
to be going against us, and our little surf-wasnick when
I came home early one Saturday afternoon and found
crape handing to my door bell. My heart was in my
mouth, and my tears choked me as I met my wife.

"So dear little Minnie is gone!' said.

"Minnie gene!' said my wife. "th, no. But the
sheriff aman will be round in a minute to setze the furniture, and I thought the crape might check him."

It checked him. "Is taked his wagen a dozen yards
away, walked on tip-toe to the door, examined the
craps, and went softly away. afraid, apparently, that
some one might hear him. Minnie recovered, and a few
days afterward I seraped ingether enough money to pay
the bil, but I haven't bought or installments since." ried young, and my wife, who is sitting there now, with

JEHU BAKER OF ILLINOIS.

A DIPLOMATIC PHILOSOPHER ABROAD. Remarkable Experience of One of Our Mep-resontatives in Fereign Lands-A Policate Matter Arranged-Bardwell State.

CARACAS, Venezuela, Aug. 1 .- THE SUN has often expressed its admiration for the able statesman who has had charge of the roost of the American Eagle in these parts for several years, and to you the American residents of Venezuela turn for sympathy in their sorrow at his departure. The Hon. Jehu Baker of Illinois as an orator has no rivals, as a composer of despatches to the Secretary of State he has never been surpassed, and as a philosopher no one has ever approached him since the time of Pisto. His oration on the occasion of the dedication of the Washington monu-ment in this city, in which he wrapped the star-spangled banner around the dark-eyed senoritas of the tropics and enfolded them in

been correctly quoted. Upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, Guzman sent a Lieutenant with a file of soldiers to the American Legation, with a passport, and a message that the military were instructed to escort him to Laquayra, from which port a vessel sailed for New York the next day.

Then came Baker and electrified the country with his imposing presence and fluent tongue. He remained until Garfield was elected President, and was succeeded by Georgo Washington Carter of Ohio. Carter was an old friend and neighbor of Garfield's, had formerly been a Campbellite preacher, but had fallen somewhat from grace. He was a man of geniul social qualities and unusual oratorical powers, and when Garfield sent him here he promised to reform and behave himself, but the temptations of Caracas were too much to withstand, and to the sorrow of all who knew him it was thought advisable to recall him.

Then Baker came sgain, and has been with us nearly four years. His experience has not always been sunshine, and his oroud heart has been mortified by the conduct of some of his follow countrymen in this land. Upon the occasion of the dedication of the Washington statue which Guzman-Bianco erected here, the Government and people of the United States were represented by two men-of-war, whose officers were the guests of this nation. In order to show his respect and admiration for the grand republic, as our country is always called here, President Guzman issued an imperial edict declaring the naval officers to be the guests of Vonezuela, and forbidding any one to charge them anything while they were here. Guzman meant what he said. He is generous and inospitable, and he wanted to do the proper thing.

The officers came, fifteen or twenty of them, stopped at the best hotels, drank cocktails and champagne, and rode about the city in carriages. No one dered look at their money, for fair of Guzman's displeasary, the people who had charned the wind the same to the service of the condition of the condition of the condition of the condit

involved in at home, and it was believed that he was sent here until the scandal blew over. However that was, his genteel appearance, affable manners, and supply of funds gained him access to the best society in Caracas, and barring an advanture or two with an actress, he behaved quite well.

At first he and Jehu were great chums. He had nothing eles to do, and spent much time at the Legation listening to Jehu's philosophical discourses, and the sonorous despatches which he was in the habit of forwarding to the State Dopartment for the information of Secretary Freilinghuysen. But finally Johu and his young protégé had a falling out. Just why, or how it occurred no one seems to understand; but that is of no consequence. With the same solicitude for the honor of the grand republic that impelled him to kick up a rumpus over the naval officers' bills. Uncle Jehu served notice upon all the families which the young Philadelphian was accustomed to visit, that the aforesaid was a very wicked, unscrupious, and dangerous man. He warned them of a viper, and called upon the American residents of Caracas to join him in crushing him.

This little trick John Joarned of Guzmannahis little trick John Joarned of Guzmannahis in the server of the resistence of the native, remonstrated against his entertaining a man as Guzman, in Venezuela at least, and society only smiled when the edict was issued from the Legation. Afew days after a dinner party was given by a Venezuela at least, and society only smiled when the edict was issued from the Legation, and they server of the resistence of the native, remonstrated against his entertaining a man who was not recognized at the Legation, adding some further subsidered it his server, with the server of

Hettle Greely, Bravest of Canvassers.

HYDE PARK, Pa., Aug. 21,-Miss Hettle Greely Hyde Park, Pa., Aug. 21.—Miss Hettle Greely of this place is a book canvasser. She believes in doing thorough work. She has canvassed every part of this neighborhood above ground for subscribers to a book she is selling, and is now beary in calling upon the people she cannot meet without going under ground. There is not one man in too living in the anthresette coal regions who could be induced to go down stone and including the fire of the coal model. Miss fire of the bear spending ter bestire a day for everal skys in the tunnels and chambers of the coal in more, hundreds of feet below the surface, canvassing among the miners for the sale of her blook. She goes from chamber to chamber guided by a miner to whom she pays good wages and interviews the men in the under of all the darkness, dainy, and ever attendant dangers of their underground work. Her plack and daring command the admiration of the grim) uniters at once, and few refuse to buy the book although there are many among them who cannot read a line. "OUR DAILY BREAD."

How it to Manufactured by Wholesale-The

A reporter made a very thorough tour of an extensive and well-known Minneapolis bakery and cracker factory. The bakers are all men. "The fact is," explained one of the firm, "that the trade is a hard one, re-quiring not only skill, judgment, and activity, but a far greater physical strength than women usually possess. I think housewives as a rule, regard bread making as about the hardest kind of work they have to do. The making of bread in large quantities would prove far more taxing on the strength." How about ples and cakes?"

"Oh, they might do that. However, there is not the same inducement for them to learn a small part of a trade like that. At any rate, I know of very few women bakers."

An inspection of the actual process of bread-

"Is there any secret about your Eureka and Vienna bread that you can't give out?"

None at all. The Vienna bread is mixed with sweet milk instead of water, and that is all the difference. The Eureka bread has a pound of lard and a pound and a quarter of sugar to every 150 pounds of flour, and that, and the facilities we have for a high, even temperature in baking, make all the difference there is. We use a pound of compressed yeast to 150 of flour in setting the sponge. A great deal, of course, depends on the yeast. If that is not first-class you may as well 'throw up the sponge' at once.

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"In making rolls, they are placed in a steam box and made to rise twice as fast. The rolls are not weighed, but guessed at. A man makes one in each hand, and you may see him pick a plece off one and add it to the other, to get them about the same size. Our brown broad we bake in pails for two and one-half hours. It has corn, graham, and rye flour in it. Rye bread we raise with a little salt—no yeast. The Vienna and rye loaves are raised in cloths, without pans, and are baked right on the bottom of the oven."

A visit to the cake, pie, and turnover departtom of the oven."

A visit to the cake, pie, and turnover department was not less interesting. These viands are all made by hand, except that the eggs are beatan by a machine. Out of one dough mixture as a foundation half a dozen different sorts of cake may be made by the addition of some slight ingredient. But the adjacent contents of the call of the

"A visit to the cake, pipe, and turnover department was not less introcation." These values the part of the part o

GOSSIP FROM SARATOGA.

TOPICS DISCUSSED BY NEW YORKERS. After the Racco the Camp Meeting-A Story About Mr. Vanderbilt-Hints Dropped by Politicians-Next Winter's Caralyal,

Saratoga, Aug. 28 .- William H. Vanderbilt spent yesterday seated in the office of the United States. His wife and Mrs. George Osgood are with him, and they occupy two of the thirty-six cottages that are in one wing of the hotel. These cot-tages are merely deep and roomy flats. They are rented in this way: \$10 a day for the par-ler and \$5 a day for each bedroom, with \$2.50 a day for every member of the family. Mr. Vanderbilt's bill is therefore sixty-five dollars a day, charge for family servants not included. Mr. Vanderbilt is the only cottage resident who brings his own furniture. It is good and abundant, and includes many handsome ornaments; but it is not at all extravagant. Mr. Vanderbilt wore a plain suit of brown diagonal, a little the worse for wear. He had on no ring, pin, or watch chain. He sat beside his friend Mr. Cadwell, a quiet, gray-haired man, who is said to have made the money king's acquaintance through an accident by which he was injured on the Hudson River road. The men became friends, and Mr. Cadwell is said to have been helped to make fortunate investments. He always has a little Skye terrier with him, and the deg understands the English language. The little animal is extremely fond of carriage riding, and if he is asked whether he would like to take a

drive he barks furiously.

An interesting story is told here of Mr. Vanderbilt's regard for money. He invited a friend out riding one day and pulled up his beautiful horses at the Vichy spring, saying: "I always stop and get a drink here." He had on driving gloves, but managed to empty his glass. Instantly, however, his hands were busy strain-ing at the reins, for the horses were quite lively. His friend knew that the Vichy must be paid for, and saw that Mr. Vanderbilt could not release the horses to take any change from his pocket. So he rather timidly produced a

not release the horses to take any change from his wocket. So he rather timidity produced a quarter from his waistood. He was handing it to the boy who had brought the Vichy when the oyes of Mr. Vanderbilt fell on the coin.

"Tut, tut." said he, nudging his companion with his cibow, "ten cents is enough; ton cents is plenty."

There are a great deal more politics here than when the State committees were in session. Nearly all the candidates have men as work for them among the politicians, and in one way or another. Mr. Joseph W. Drexel is installed in his cottage, and new comers of consequence are early invited to call. He gives away very good cigars.

There is some talk about Noah Davis by his friends, but this is met by the announce-ment of the liquor dealers that if the Judge is nominated they will do by him as they did by Isaac H. Maynard. It seems that though the Judge is not a total abstinence man exactly, he is avowedly a temperance man.

"The races will be ever to-morrow," a barber said to The Sun reporter, "but after that the Round Lake camp meeting will begin. Got to have an attraction here, you know."

Saratora is to be a winter resort, beginning this winter. It is to have an ice palace on the lake, two or three toboggan slides besides the one it had last winter, a grand ball, sieighing procession, and all the concomitants of what is called a winter carnival. It is just as cold and snowy In winter carnival. It is just as cold and snowy In winter cannival. He Saratogans hope to switch the pleasure-seekers off at their doors with the motto" Patronize Home Industry."

Houlette is the great gambling game. The other layouts are deserted every night, while crowds pross to got near the green those that are appointed with the revolving disks and spinning marbles. "It must be that it affects every one as it does me." Said one of New York's sliver-tongued politicians. "In must be that it affects every one as it does me." Said one of New York's sliver-tongued politicians. "In must be that it are appointed with